

COUNTY OFFICERS	
Sheriff	J. F. Ham.
C. K.	O. J. Bell.
Register	Wm. Putnam
Treasurer	H. M. F. Davis
Proc. Attorney	A. H. Swarthout
Judge of Probate	A. Taylor
C. C. Com.	M. J. Connine
Surveyor	N. E. Britt
Coroners	W. H. Sherman.
SUPERVISORS	W. Haynes.
Grove Township	Wm. C. Johnson.
South Branch	Dr. S. Revell.
Bever Creek	W. H. James.
Maple Forest	J. J. Coventry.
Grayling	M. J. Connine.
Frederickville	M. S. Dilley.
Bell	L. B. Fletcher.
Center Plains	Wm. Woodburn.

W. M. WOODWORTH,

Physician and Surgeon,

GRAYLING, MICH.

U. S. Examining Surgeon for pensions.

Graduate of University of Mich. 1863.
Office with J. M. Flinn.
Residence with A. J. Rose.
Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. 6 to 9 p. m.

MAIN J. CONNINE.

Attorney at Law,

GRAYLING, MICH.

REAL ESTATE AND INS. AGENT.

Special facilities for making collections in any part of the Union.
Conveyancing a Specialty.

GRAYLING, MICH.

E. PURCHASE, Proprietor of

CITY LIVERY STABLE.

First-class rigs to let at all hours at reasonable prices. Bus to and from Portage Lake every Sabbath, leaving the Grayling House at 8 a. m. and 2 p. m., returning 12 m. and 6 p. m.

T. A. DEAN,

Notary Public,
GRAYLING, MICH.

General conveyancing, deeds, mortgages, contracts, etc., promptly attended to. Office at residence.

N. E. BRIT,

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Surveying in all of its branches, including leveling, promptly attended to.

GRAYLING, MICH.

ADMITTED.

RECEIVED.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

THINGS I HATE.

Not to see the world go wrong.
That the people do it—
That they would sit down and think.
It only for a minute.
And try to let honest men
out, what a blessed it would be.
To all in our dominion.

I hate to see men that look,
With such a look while
Up in their faces in shape,
I hate him to frown a smile.
And that way turn his eye,
This miserable, cravering thing,
With joy would nearly die.

I hate to see a churchman,
With face so long and grave,
With teeth so rotten in his cheeks,
Pray God not to do worse.
I hate him for foolishness.

I hate him to bosome bread,
We very soon dry up his tears
And shake his stony head.

I hate to see a checkweighman,
That is paid two dollars per day
By his humble fellow-workmen.

Turing from side away,
And weighing for the clothes.
At the very same machine,
For a dollar and fifty cents a day.

Does he think the men are green?
I hate to look upon a man,
Taking himself a wife,
And bringing her to his mother's house,
To make her bad for life.

Saying, "My darling, you must do
All that my mother may say,
Because you took a solemn vow
Your husband to obey."

What shall we do with all such men?
They're enough to make a world,
Then let all tell where.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" said Honora Maywood.

"That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her hand tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, and a hair broom in her hand, whereupon she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild lily, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby shawl.

"And he's willing to pay me cash price every Sunday. Never attempted to bring me down a penny, if you'll believe it, my dear."

"Why should he?" said Honora.

"Most people do, my dear," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "A wrinkled old widow like me, who has her living to earn, is mostly fair game for everybody. But he never objects to my terms. A real gentleman, my dear—every inch of him. But he's a little particular, I'm afraid."

"I suppose most old bachelors are," said Miss Maywood, smiling.

"Yes, for—days—yes," nodded Mrs. Pennypacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think."

"And if he is?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Pennypacker,

winking a nail and not even naming a store moth puller which was fluttering blindly against the garnet damask window curtains; "nothing except one don't know where to have him. He drinks only English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie-crust made with the best Alderman butter instead of lard—he is good enough for other people, and he must have ventilators to all his windows, and an open grate instead of the base-burning stove, and—I hope you'll not be offended, my dear—but he particularly dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes a piano?" said the little music teacher, reddening in spite of herself.

"And he says, says he; I hope Mrs. Pennypacker, that there is not a piano in the house." A piano," says he, "plays the deuce with my nervous system, with its everlasting tum-tum. These were his words, my dear. So I courteous, and says I: 'You'll not be troubled with one, hero, sir.' And so, my dear, I'll be gratified if you won't mind doing your practising 'till he's out for his daily walk—from 1 to 3, just as regular as the clock."

Miss Maywood looked up pitifully in the landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said earnestly. "I have not forgotten how much I am indebted to you both, in actual money and in kindness, which money can never pay."

And her soft blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've been sick and you've got a little behind hand, and it's quite natural that you should be low-spirited now and then. But you mustn't get discouraged."

"Who mended 'em?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eye had already caught sight of the dainty needle work upon his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally. "And mother says it's easy to see that the new gen' in a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes and the strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty Miss Maywood! And she says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker,' but, says she, 'they're regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch.'

"Patch to his little son (who has just handed him the teacher's report of progress and conduct for the last month)." This report is very unsatisfactory; I'm not at all pleased with it." Little son told the teacher that I thought you'd made mistakes, and a kind action never came."

"Lord bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick, "she's right—no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch."

"Clothes, too?"

Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl bluffed herself like a human battering ram, up against the door, with a large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put

them down, Sally. But I—I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother to-day."

"Mother didn't say nothin' 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead with a whisk of her hand, sniffling her nose nearly off her face. "I was to leave the clothes with 'er 'umble duty, and she opened them suit; but it was that damp on Monday and Tuesday as starch wouldn't stick. And she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be done better next time."

"I dare say they're quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she marveled at this unexpected access of courtesy on the part of her Milesian laundry.

"He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and envying as she laid her check on the good lady's cushioned shoulder.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pennypacker.

"He has asked me to marry him," said Honora, "after only two weeks' acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do needs no other test. And he says he loves me—and—and."

"Well?"

"I almost think I love him!" whispered Honora.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all through the magic influence of "Needles and Thread."

BUT SCIENTIFIC NEEDS.

American colleges are not intended to foster independent scientific research like the German universities, but are merely training schools for young men

and women to meet their dislaid wardrobes, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send be-

fore night, and unfortunately, I have

nothing to do, so I'll just mold this poor young fellow's clothes, whoever he may be."

And as Honora strolled away she mused sadly, whether or not she ought to accept a position as an orphan asylum, where the work would be almost insurmountable, and pay next to nothing, with no Sundays or holidays, and a ladies' committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to "sit" on her first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve," said Honora. "But dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back puffing and blowing like a human whale in about two hours.

"Mother says she sent the wrong basket," said she, breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable," said Sally, said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer; Miss Maywood, cause she does a cash business, and there ain't nothing been paid on your account since just June."

Honora felt herself turning scarlet.

"I am very sorry, Sally. Tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can."

Sally bounded out of the room red and indignant, like an over-charged thunder cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her head into her hands, burst into tears.

"Pretty girl, that—very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor, to his landlady.

"Do you mean—"

"I mean that young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure, big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. Didn't some one tell me she was a music teacher?"

"That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't any pupils as want tuition, and poor little Miss Maywood, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time, sir—please."

"Please, sir, I've come to bring you things," said she, chattering off her less like a parrot. "And, please, sir, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll suit, it was that damp and nubby Monday and Tuesday, as starch wouldn't stick, and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time, sir—please."

"Who mended 'em?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eye had already caught sight of the dainty needle work upon his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally. "And mother says it's easy to see that the new gen' in a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes and the strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty Miss Maywood! And she says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker,' but, says she, 'they're regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch.'

"Patch to his little son (who has just

handed him the teacher's report of progress and conduct for the last month)." This report is very unsatisfactory; I'm not at all pleased with it."

Little son told the teacher that I thought you'd made mistakes, and a kind action never came."

Lord bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick, "she's right—no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch."

"Clothes, too?"

Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl bluffed herself like a human battering ram, up against the door, with a large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put

them down, Sally. But I—I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother to-day."

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and he thanked her with equal formality for the good offices she had unwittingly rendered him.

It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen, where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder, with the cruelty made of the best Alderman butter instead of lard.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pennypacker, "what a thing it is to be an old bachelor."

"I dare say they're quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she marveled at this unexpected access of courtesy on the part of her Milesian laundry.

"He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and envying as she laid her check on the good lady's cushioned shoulder.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pennypacker.

"He has asked me to marry him," said Honora, wiping her forehead with a whisk of her hand, sniffling her nose nearly off her face.

"I was to leave the clothes with 'er 'umble duty, and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be done better next time."

"Well?"

"I almost think I love him!" whispered Honora.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all through the magic influence of "Needles and Thread."

BUT SCIENTIFIC NEEDS.

American colleges are not intended to foster independent scientific research like the German universities, but are merely training schools for young men

and women to meet their dislaid wardrobes, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send be-

fore night, and unfortunately, I have

nothing to do, so I'll just mold this poor young fellow's clothes, whoever he may be."

And as Honora strolled away she mused sadly, whether or not she ought to accept a position as an orphan asylum, where the work would be almost insurmountable, and pay next to nothing, with no Sundays or holidays, and a ladies' committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to "sit" on her first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve," said Honora. "But dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back puffing and blowing like a human whale in about two hours.

"Mother says she sent the wrong basket," said she, breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable," said Sally, said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer; Miss Maywood, cause she does a cash business, and there ain't nothing been paid on your account since just June."

Honora felt herself turning scarlet.

"I am very sorry, Sally. Tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can."

Sally bounded out of the room red and indignant, like an over-charged thunder cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her head into her hands, burst into tears.

"Pretty girl, that—very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor, to his landlady.

"Do you mean—"

"I mean that young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure, big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. Didn't some one tell me she was a music teacher?"

"That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't any pupils as want tuition, and poor little Miss Maywood, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time, sir—please."

"Please, sir, I've come to bring you things," said she, chattering off her less like a parrot. "And, please, sir, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll suit, it was that damp and nubby Monday and Tuesday, as starch wouldn't stick, and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time, sir—please."

"Who mended 'em?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eye had already caught sight of the dainty needle work upon his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally. "And mother says it's easy to see that the new gen' in a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes and the strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty Miss Maywood! And she says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker,' but, says she, 'they're regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch.'

"Patch to his little son (who has just

handed him the teacher's report of progress and conduct for the last month)." This report is very unsatisfactory; I'm not at all pleased with it."

Little son told the teacher that I thought you'd made mistakes, and a kind action never came."

Lord bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick, "she's right—no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch."

"Clothes, too?"

Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl bluffed herself like a human battering ram, up against the door, with a large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put

POLITICS.

Greenbacks of Iowa and Republicans of Pennsylvania.

THE NEWS.

Intelligence by Wire from All the World.

FOREIGN.

—De Lomax has gone over to England, bag and baggage, having secured a loan from the British Government of \$40,000,000. The second canal will be done in five years. Both canals will be in the control of the English.

—Cladstone informed the members of the House of Commons that the Government awaited apologies from France for the banishment of the invalid British Consul from Tamsiye, which resulted in his speedy death; for stopping communication between the man-of-war Dryad and the shore, and for the continued imprisonment of an English missionary named Shaw.

—A cable dispatch of the 13th last says that cholera has appeared in towns thirty to forty miles from Cairo. The British Government will send to Egypt a surgeon general who has had long experience in India. France will dispatch Louis Pasteur, the chemist, to investigate the nature and origin of the disease.

—An infernal machine was found concealed in the house at Birmingham occupied by Whitehead, recently sentenced to life imprisonment for connection with the drama conspiracy.

—Paul de Caenburgh sent a challenge to Prime Minister Ferry, who paid no attention to it. Deputies Averre and Bouvier fought the latter being twice wounded.

—Minister Ferry's declarations, following the statement of Gladston in the British Commons, are couched in terms of the most peaceable character. France cannot conceive that one of her trusted sons should insult the British flag or misuse an Englishman, etc., etc.

—Louis Pasteur, the noted French chemist, has offered to organize a mission to investigate the origin of the cholera plague in Egypt, and has asked Earl Granville to furnish facilities. The Hygiene Commission endorses the project.

—Almost unanimous disapproval of the subsidy to De Lesseps is discovered among the commercial organizations of England. The Chamber of Commerce of London and the Sunderland ship-owners have denounced the arrangement as inadequate and unsatisfactory.

—Admiral Baldwin, whose presence at St. Petersburg especially emphasized to the Czar the joy of the American people in seeing the autocratic state of his absolute power, has written a breezy report to the Navy Department at Washington, detailing the manner in which he (the Admiral) was snubbed by Minister Hunt during the ceremonies and festivities.

FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—White & Co., lace merchants of Toronto, have failed, with liabilities of \$90,000.

—All the Davenport (Iowa) banks have united in a notice that the trade dollar will only be received at 35 cents and Canadian silver at 50 cents on the dollar.

—Chicago holds third rank in the clearing-house statistics of the United States. Her business last week aggregated \$62,223,625, against \$15,223,627 in St. Louis, and \$6,000,000 in Cincinnati.

—The State Entomologist of Illinois' reports that vast numbers of the Hessian fly are now in a dormant condition and are left behind in the stubble when the wheat is out. He strongly advises that the infested fields be plowed deeply and rotated.

—The Department of Agriculture at Washington, in its July report, places the condition of winter wheat at 70 per cent. of sowing; wheat at 85 to 100, and of corn at 85.

—There was a surplus revenue in the Post Office Department for the last three months of \$1,119,387.

—Orange Judd, the well-known New York publisher, has failed.

—The New York Produce Exchange has resolved that Congress should not legalize the redemption of the trade dollar at par, as such legislation would add a ring of speculators who have been buying the coin at premium value.

—William Tansig, a tobacco-dealer of Chicago, has made an apartment, with liabilities of \$50,000.

—Phinney & Jackson, Portland, Me., have suspended with liabilities exceeding \$200,000.

PERSONAL.

—Recent deaths: C. R. Marvin, the oldest member of the Stock Exchange of New York; Elias H. Buttrick, once a prosperous merchant in that city; Judge Amariah S. James, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; J. D. Baldwin, proprietor of *The Spy*, at Worcester, Mass., and an Ex-Congressman; Maria Von Eissner, the prima donna known to the world as Mila Lina, of her home in Princeton, Ill.

—Archbishop Lynch of Toronto has made a pastoral demand for the payment of Peter's-pence.

—Judge Dawson, at Denver, Col., has sued Lawyer Willard Teller \$500 for contempt of court in filing his recent answer for him to the complaint of ex-Senator Tabor.

—Col. Moore has arrived at Cheyenne with 150 pack-mules for the trip of President Arthur to the National park, which is to commence Aug. 1.

—President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin College, has tendered his resignation.

—Jesus H. Moore, of Decatur, Ills., who for two years has been Conant at Calico, died in the latter city from yellow fever. He was Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois, served two terms in Congress, and then resumed his labors as a Methodist minister.

POLITICAL.

—Judge Brady, Democratic candidate for Governor, opened the Ohio campaign in a speech at Hamilton.

—The Minnesota State Prohibition Convention met at St. Paul July 10. Tariff for revenue only was taken by a vote of 24 to 28. The platform condemns the course of both parties on the liquor question; favors the enfranchisement of women and the election of all officers by the people when possible. The following ticket was nominated: Governor, Charles Evans Holt; Lieutenant Governor, Prof. E. B. Payne; Secretary of State, C. B. Shove; Treasurer, C. H. Anderson.

—In the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, William Lindsey was nominated for State Treasurer and Jerome N. Niles for Auditor General. The platform, after denouncing a continuation of the protective policy, urges the distribution of surplus Federal revenue among the States, the redemption of the trade dollar, and the adoption of measures to prevent anti-slavery migration. The Iowa Greenbackers, in convention at Des Moines, nominated Jas. J. B. Weaver for Governor, Sanford Hubbard for Lieutenant Governor, and Jas. Abbie Canfield for Superintendent of Public Instruction. The resolutions favor a graduated income-tax, civil service reform, postal telegraphy, temper-

ance, and the abolition of distilled spirits.

—After three weeks' maneuvering, a bullet, for United States Senator by the New Hampshire Legislature, the Republican members of that body received a note from Senator Bellamy withdrawing from the contest, it being evident that he could not secure enough votes to elect him. The next ballot showed twenty-one candidates. Wm. E. Chandler leading the Republicans.

—The colored people of Texas have been holding a State Convention. They framed an address to the people declaring that the white race throughout the South has continually increased in friendliness, even to a surprising degree. Colored people are recommended to keep a sharp eye on their teachers, and to improve at once those found unscrupulous or immoral.

—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue not having received the resignation of C. M. Norton, internal-revenue agent at Boston, as requested, directed the revocation of his appointment.

GENERAL.

—The Boston Theater Company, one of the best stock organizations in the East, is billed for a summer season of eight weeks at McVicker's Theater, in Chicago. The opening piece was "Charles Reade and Henry Pettitt's melodrama, "Love and Money," which was played to good houses. "The World," "Youth," and "A Free Pardon" will follow in the order named. Following the example of other Chicago theaters, Sunday evening performances will hereafter be given at McVicker's.

—A hall-organ destroyed 5,000 acres of crops in Bon Homme and Hutchinson counties.

—The country northeast of Fond du Lac, Wis., was similarly afflicted. A farmer in Oconto county, Wis., reports that the horns were knocked from a yearling steer by lightning.

—Chief Moon has agreed to surrender 3,000,000 acres of his reservation in Washington Territory, and expects to get compensation for it. Another of the mistakes of Notes.

—Notwithstanding Attorney General Brewster's opinion, which was adverse to the importation of exported whisky, the distillers intend to sell large quantities of their spirit to Bermuth's.

—The preceding week—an increase of 133 to 134.

—J. R. Macchesi & Co., fruit-dellers of New Orleans, are insolvent to the extent of \$160,000, through inability to collect out-standing accounts.

—In Otago, Russia, several Jews are reported to have been tortured and murdered.

—The Marquis of Langstroth will sail for Canada Oct. 11, to assume duty as Governor-General.

—The bark Pimpins, from Boston, went where an island near Royal, and all on board perished save three persons.

—The London *Times* says no anxiety need be felt regarding Queen Victoria's health.

—President Soto, of Honduras, has been "doing" Chicago, St. Louis and other Western cities.

—An Indian chief 109 years of age, named John Waldo died at Lake George, N. Y.

—The steamer Niagara, of the New York and Cuba Mail Line, burned off the Florida coast. The passengers were saved and taken to Havana.

—A wide section of the West was visited by a fierce storm, accompanied by wind, rain, hail and thunder, on the 12th and 13th of July. In some localities the disturbance caused the proportions of a tornado, and inflicted immense losses. One wing down the Missouri valley, doing much damage at Kansas City, St. Joseph and Mobley, Mo. At McPaul, Iowa, many houses were blown down and ten persons injured, but fortunately no one was killed. Hail fell as large as hen's eggs, killing live stock and cutting the wheat, corn and grass to pieces. At Hamburg, Iowa, a brick church and several frame buildings were wrecked. The iron walls of several business houses fell out into the street. At Webster, Mo., ten houses were demolished and one child killed. At Burlington Junction, Mo., no house was left uninjured, and several persons were injured. Maryville, Malden and Trenton, Mo., suffered severely. Churches, public buildings, stores, houses and dwellings being demolished or untouched. Near Browning, Mo., the baggage-car and coach of a Burlington train were blown completely over by a cyclone. Six passengers injured, two of them fatally. The section about Lincoln, Neb., suffered severely by hail, especially the crops, and some buildings were demolished. Central and Western Illinois lost considerably on damaged buildings and ruined crops, especially having been created about Cordova, Paxton, Clinton, Carthage, Gibson City, and points in Mercer, Logan, and De Witt counties, Scott and Franklin counties, in Iowa, suffered great damage. In the hall in these sections falling as large as hen's eggs, and tying vegetation flat. At Alton a Methodist Church was unroofed and the streets blocked by fallen trees. Heavy rain unroofed structures and released river craft from their moorings.

—ABOUT THE GOOSIN.

—The goosin is the old female geese's young child.

—They are mostly yellow at first, and as they grow older, become blackish brown.

—Their foot is webbed, and they can swim as easily as a drop of kaster oil on the water. They are born almost about the 15th of May, and never was known to die naturally. If a man should tell me he had a goose die under his nose, I would believe him under oath, after that, even if he swore he lied about seeing a goose die.

—These geese are different in one respect from the human family, who are said to grow weaker but wiser; whereas a goosin always grows tuffier and more phoolish. I have seen a goosin that they said was 98 years old last June, and he didn't look an hour older than that one was 17. The goosin paddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives like a duck, out of sight in the water, but only changes ends. The food of the goosin is rice, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty pudding, and baked cabbage, cocked potatoe, raw meat and turnips, stale bread, cold hash, and the buckwheat cakes that are left over. They ain't so particular as some phoolies what they eat, and won't get mad and quit if they can't have wet toast and lap chops every morning for breakfast. If I was going to keep boarders I wouldn't want em any better feeders than an old shoo goose and twelve goosins. If I couldn't suit them I should want to find a duck or a hen.

—ABOUT THE GOSLIN.

—The goosin is the old female geese's young child.

—They are mostly yellow at first, and as they grow older, become blackish brown.

—Their foot is webbed, and they can swim as easily as a drop of kaster oil on the water. They are born almost about the 15th of May, and never was known to die naturally. If a man should tell me he had a goose die under his nose, I would believe him under oath, after that, even if he swore he lied about seeing a goose die.

—These geese are different in one respect from the human family, who are said to grow weaker but wiser; whereas a goosin always grows tuffier and more phoolish. I have seen a goosin that they said was 98 years old last June, and he didn't look an hour older than that one was 17. The goosin paddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives like a duck, out of sight in the water, but only changes ends. The food of the goosin is rice, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty pudding, and baked cabbage, cocked potatoe, raw meat and turnips, stale bread, cold hash, and the buckwheat cakes that are left over. They ain't so particular as some phoolies what they eat, and won't get mad and quit if they can't have wet toast and lap chops every morning for breakfast. If I was going to keep boarders I wouldn't want em any better feeders than an old shoo goose and twelve goosins. If I couldn't suit them I should want to find a duck or a hen.

—ABOUT THE GOSLIN.

—The goosin is the old female geese's young child.

—They are mostly yellow at first, and as they grow older, become blackish brown.

—Their foot is webbed, and they can swim as easily as a drop of kaster oil on the water. They are born almost about the 15th of May, and never was known to die naturally. If a man should tell me he had a goose die under his nose, I would believe him under oath, after that, even if he swore he lied about seeing a goose die.

—These geese are different in one respect from the human family, who are said to grow weaker but wiser; whereas a goosin always grows tuffier and more phoolish. I have seen a goosin that they said was 98 years old last June, and he didn't look an hour older than that one was 17. The goosin paddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives like a duck, out of sight in the water, but only changes ends. The food of the goosin is rice, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty pudding, and baked cabbage, cocked potatoe, raw meat and turnips, stale bread, cold hash, and the buckwheat cakes that are left over. They ain't so particular as some phoolies what they eat, and won't get mad and quit if they can't have wet toast and lap chops every morning for breakfast. If I was going to keep boarders I wouldn't want em any better feeders than an old shoo goose and twelve goosins. If I couldn't suit them I should want to find a duck or a hen.

—ABOUT THE GOSLIN.

—The goosin is the old female geese's young child.

—They are mostly yellow at first, and as they grow older, become blackish brown.

—Their foot is webbed, and they can swim as easily as a drop of kaster oil on the water. They are born almost about the 15th of May, and never was known to die naturally. If a man should tell me he had a goose die under his nose, I would believe him under oath, after that, even if he swore he lied about seeing a goose die.

—These geese are different in one respect from the human family, who are said to grow weaker but wiser; whereas a goosin always grows tuffier and more phoolish. I have seen a goosin that they said was 98 years old last June, and he didn't look an hour older than that one was 17. The goosin paddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives like a duck, out of sight in the water, but only changes ends. The food of the goosin is rice, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty pudding, and baked cabbage, cocked potatoe, raw meat and turnips, stale bread, cold hash, and the buckwheat cakes that are left over. They ain't so particular as some phoolies what they eat, and won't get mad and quit if they can't have wet toast and lap chops every morning for breakfast. If I was going to keep boarders I wouldn't want em any better feeders than an old shoo goose and twelve goosins. If I couldn't suit them I should want to find a duck or a hen.

—ABOUT THE GOSLIN.

—The goosin is the old female geese's young child.

—They are mostly yellow at first, and as they grow older, become blackish brown.

—Their foot is webbed, and they can swim as easily as a drop of kaster oil on the water. They are born almost about the 15th of May, and never was known to die naturally. If a man should tell me he had a goose die under his nose, I would believe him under oath, after that, even if he swore he lied about seeing a goose die.

—These geese are different in one respect from the human family, who are said to grow weaker but wiser; whereas a goosin always grows tuffier and more phoolish. I have seen a goosin that they said was 98 years old last June, and he didn't look an hour older than that one was 17. The goosin paddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives like a duck, out of sight in the water, but only changes ends. The food of the goosin is rice, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty pudding, and baked cabbage, cocked potatoe, raw meat and turnips, stale bread, cold hash, and the buckwheat cakes that are left over. They ain't so particular as some phoolies what they eat, and won't get mad and quit if they can't have wet toast and lap chops every morning for breakfast. If I was going to keep boarders I wouldn't want em any better feeders than an old shoo goose and twelve goosins. If I couldn't suit them I should want to find a duck or a hen.

—ABOUT THE GOSLIN.

—The goosin is the old female geese's young child.

—They are mostly yellow at first, and as they grow older, become blackish brown.

—Their foot is webbed, and they can swim as easily as a drop of kaster oil on the water. They are born almost about the 15th of May, and never was known to die naturally. If a man should tell me he had a goose die under his nose, I would believe him under oath, after that, even if he swore he lied about seeing a goose die.

—These geese are different in one respect from the human family, who are said to grow weaker but wiser; whereas a goosin always grows tuffier and more phoolish. I have seen a goosin that they said was 98 years old last June, and he didn't look an hour older than that one was 17. The goosin paddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives like a duck, out of sight in the water, but only changes ends. The food of the goosin is rice, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty pudding, and baked cabbage, cocked potatoe, raw meat and turnips, stale bread, cold hash, and the buckwheat cakes that are left over. They ain't so particular as some phoolies what they eat, and won't get mad and quit if they can't have wet toast and lap chops every morning for breakfast. If I was going to keep boarders I wouldn't want em any better feeders than an old shoo goose and twelve goosins. If I couldn't suit them I should want to find a duck or a hen.

—ABOUT THE GOSLIN.

—The goosin is the old female geese's young child.

—They are mostly yellow at first, and as they grow older, become blackish brown.

—Their foot is webbed, and they can swim as easily as a drop of kaster oil on the water. They are born almost about the 15th of May, and never was known to die naturally. If a man should tell me he had a goose die under his nose, I would believe him under oath, after that, even if he swore he lied about seeing a goose die.

—These

THE AVALANCHE.

G. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,
Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, July 19, 1853.

LOCAL ITEMS.

For the best tea in town call on
Wm. A. Masters.

A car-load of fine horses passed
through the city north Tuesday morn-

Robinson, of the meat market, has
had his counter painted. It looks
soothing.

Mr. Robert Larson, landlord of the
Manistee Hotel, was married last Sat-
urday evening.

Rev. S. Edgcombe delivered an ex-
cellent address on Temperance last
Sabbath evening.

A large number of Graylingites went
to Portage lake Sunday. A pleasant
time is reported.

Have you read the new drug store
sign on Finn's? It was put on by a
traveling painter.

A. A. Grinn, of Roscommon, made
the AVALANCHE office a pleasant call
one day last week.

Huckleberries coming in in large
quantities. They sell from the stores
at 9 and 10c per quart.

County-clerk Bell moved into his
new residence, nearly opposite the
school house, last Monday.

Cody & Co., Lake View, say: We are
selling Brown's Iron Bitters, and it
gives the best of satisfaction.

Jacob Speckert, Esq., of South
Branch, was so unfortunate as to lose
one of his best horses last week.

Mrs. Joe Edgcombe departed Sun-
day night for a short visit to her pre-
vious home, Dearfield, this State.

Mr. N. Michelson was called to Man-
istee, Monday, by a telegraph announcing
the serious illness of his brother.

W. O. Brown, Ludington, says: "I
recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a
true tonic. I have used it with satis-
faction."

The new steamer is putting regularly
around Portage Lake, and the logs are
floating over the railroad from the lake
to the Manistee.

J. M. Finn has taken the contract
for building the sidewalks and fence
about the school house, which are to be
completed by Sept. 1.

It is evident from the work being
done on our streets that J. O. Hadley
is the "right man in the right place."
Let the good work go on.

Gaylord rechristened at the opening of
an exchange bank by Messrs. Cooper
& Crane. It is a desideratum wished
for by live business men in every town.

A lot of nice little frames, just the
size for photographic views lately
taken of prominent buildings, etc., in
this city, just received by C. E. Strunk
at the AVALANCHE'S office. Call in and
see them.

Mr. Wm. Keough, of Jonesville, is
in the city, the guest of O. Palmer and
J. W. Jordan. Mr. Keough was here
two years ago, and fully appreciates
the growth and apparent prosperity of
our city.

Messrs. Wheeler, Kellogg and Den-
niss engaged the services of Frank Had-
ley and his team last Saturday and
went out into the country for a "fish
and hunt." They returned the follow-
ing evening, but wouldn't "interview
worth a cent" as to their success.

Dr. P. Schleimann has located in
our city for the practice of his profes-
sion. He has rented the R. S. But-
titt property, three doors north of
the Grayling House—where all in need
of his services are invited to call on
him. Calls promptly responded to
night or day.

Mr. Joseph Sewell wished to an-
nounce to the people of Pere Cheney
and surrounding country that he has
in stock a general assortment of Dry
Goods, Clothing, Groceries, etc., which
he is disposing of at the lowest prices
for cash. Give him a call and be con-
vinced.

We were shown a stool of rye grown
on Dr. Warner's plains farm near To-
binabie that stood 7 ft. 2 in. high, and
yet some folks think those plain lands
are almost worthless; but we know to
the contrary, and that as fine crops are
being successfully raised on those kind
of plains as can be grown in the State.
—Utigeo Herald.

One of our citizens started out to
look for a beaver meadow a few days
since and took along his Winchester
for protection. While traversing a
swamp he came into a sort of trail and
upon examination decided that the
tracks therein were made by bears.—
The more he thought of those animals
the less desire he had to see his bear, and in a few moments decided that it
were better to sell the stock than to
eat the bear, and therefore hurried
home to dinner. Upon learning after-
ward that the tracks were made by a
lot of barefoot urchins after whortle-
berries, he again changed his mind and
now the grass is safely stacked in spite
of the shadowy brain.

GRAYLING.

I have just returned from Grayling
the county seat of Crawford county,
where I have been for a time.

Grayling is growing very rapidly,
and bids fair to become quite a town
at no distant day. The new school
house is now about completed. It is
70x33 feet in size, two stories high,
with halls on each side and class rooms
at the end of the building, the halls
being 10x22 feet, and the class rooms
14x22 feet in size and running up the
same height as the main building,
which is about 35 feet from the ground
to the eaves. The workmanship and
material is all first-class in every
respect. There are three chimneys and
the building is heated by a furnace in
the cellar underneath. The price for
the building complete is \$4,600.

Other improvements are being made.
A new M. E. church is partly comple-
ted, and will cost when completed about
\$1,000.

Grayling, being the division of the
railroad between Bay City and the
Strait, promises to become quite a
town in the near future. Many small
buildings are going up, such as private
residences, stores, etc. —Cor. Detroit
Post and Tribune.

LAST GRAND EXCURSION TO THE MOUNTAINS AND SEA SHORE.

The last of the series of grand excursions
to Portland and the Sea, via
Michigan Central R. R., will leave De-
troit July 26, at 11:30 p.m., consisting of

a special train of Wagner Sleepers,
Car and Elegant Day Coaches, which
will be run to Clayton without change,
giving all an opportunity of visiting
Niagara Falls, connecting with the new

American Line of Steamers for Mon-
treal, passing through the Thousand
Islands by daylight. From Montreal
to Portland tourists have the choice of

three different routes going and return-
ing, without additional expense, pass-
ing on either side of the mountains,

making the grandest opportunity ev-
er offered to the public. Rates, \$25

Detroit to Portland and return. Great-

ly reduced rates from all points in

Michigan to Detroit. For programme

giving full information, call on all

agents Michigan Central R. R. and

connecting lines or address.

E. H. HORNES,
Mich. Pass. Agt., Detroit.

THE PLAINS FARM OF MR. YORK.

They have 18 acres of as fine rye as
can be found in the State, east or

west, nine acres of which was planted

on new ground, first plowing, which

yields fully 25 bushels to the acre. Ten

acres of beans on the same tract, with

the same conditions of soil, are very

promising, and are estimated to yield

20 bushels to the acre, which will bring

about \$600—being \$60 an acre—and we

venture the assertion that no \$600 per

acre farm can show a better return.

Last season, when plowing a 3-acre

field for the first time to seed with clo-
ver, a gentleman from this village was

visiting them and told them it was ut-
ter folly, as they never would realize

crop enough to pay for the seed they

were planting. On Wednesday the

same tract was carefully examined,

and it will cut fully two tons to the

acre of as fine clover hay as a man can

possibly wish. Their winter wheat

10 acres—is nearly ready to be harvested,

and will yield fully 30 bushels to

the acre. Another field of clover,

about eight acres, stands 20 inches

high, and is estimated to yield 3 tons

of hay to the acre. Eight acres of corn

stands knee high, of fine healthy color,

is very thrifty, and bids fair to give a

large yield. Potatoes, 10 acres, are

also very fine.

They will this year put in 40 acres of

rye, and next season will have their

entire 120 acres under cultivation.

It has not been without many mis-
givings that these gentlemen have given

on their labor and money to the devel-
opment of this farm in so superior a

manner, in the face of the many dis-
couraging statements of settlers who

had been here for years, and from busi-
ness men in this village. But they

have long since learned that the cranky

are only such as would never be able

to raise a good crop on the much-
valued best farms in the world. Why

business men, who must so largely de-
pend in the future on a good farming

community for support, should de-
vote the lands of this section, is more than

the writer can tell. That it will even-
tually result to their detriment there
can be no question. Let them pay a

visit to the York farm and see what

labor and skill has done, and we are

firm in the faith that they will never

again say nught against pine plains

lands.

These lands do not suffer from re-
markable droughts as clay lands do, for in

the dryest season an inch below the

surface moisture can always be found,

and the land never bakes, as clay does.

In wet weather it never drowns out as

does clay, and plowing can be done at

all times in the year when there is no

snow on the ground.

With these many advantages, we say,

this section promises to be the garden

spot of the west, and the many farm-
ers in the central and southern portion

of the State who are burdened with

heavy mortgages on their land pur-
chased at \$100 per acre, will find it to

their advantage to sell their dear lands

and come where they can raise better

crops on land that will only cost them

from \$2.50 to \$3 per acre. —Reasonable
Pioneer.

In connection with his furniture
business N. B. Traver of this place has
taken the agency for tombstones and
monuments from some of the largest and
most reliable marble dealers in the
country. He is also agent for the Detroit
White Bronze Monument Co. These goods
are equally neat and attractive in style and
far more durable than marble, and only costs about
half the price. Samples can be seen at
his Furniture rooms. All who are in
need of any of this class of goods
should call and see sample and get
prices. —E. W. G.

GRAYLING.

Grayling is growing very rapidly,
and bids fair to become quite a town
at no distant day. The new school
house is now about completed. It is
70x33 feet in size, two stories high,
with halls on each side and class rooms
at the end of the building, the halls
being 10x22 feet, and the class rooms
14x22 feet in size and running up the
same height as the main building,
which is about 35 feet from the ground
to the eaves. The workmanship and
material is all first-class in every
respect. There are three chimneys and
the building is heated by a furnace in
the cellar underneath. The price for
the building complete is \$4,600.

Other improvements are being made.
A new M. E. church is partly comple-
ted, and will cost when completed about
\$1,000.

Grayling, being the division of the
railroad between Bay City and the
Strait, promises to become quite a
town in the near future. Many small
buildings are going up, such as private
residences, stores, etc. —Cor. Detroit
Post and Tribune.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

The undersigned committee will re-
ceive sealed proposals for the building of
a school house in district No. 3, in
township of Beaver Creek, Crawford
Co., Mich., up to Saturday, July 28th,
1853. Bids to be left at the residence
of T. E. Hastings, Wellington P. O.
Specifications may be seen at the post
office in Grayling, Cheney, and Wellington.
The committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

J. P. HANNA,
T. E. HASTINGS,
F. E. CRIGG,
Committee.

BEAVER CREEK, July 10, 1853.

A. H. SWARTHOUT, Real Estate & Ins'nce AGENCY

Two houses and nine lots on Cedar street; two houses and three lots on Peninsular avenue; two houses and five lots, and two store lots on Michigan avenue, for sale.

Over 3,000 acres of pine lands and 400 acres of farming lands, improved,
for sale.

INSURANCE. We represent more Companies than any Agency in

Northern Michigan and insure at lower rates.

Agents for Roffe's addition to Grayling.

Money to loan on good security.

A. H. Swarthout.

FOR